

Garden Cash Grocery Co.

PHONE 2027

SPECIALS

Saturday Monday

Oatmeal, pkg	10c	Ripe Olives, 25c can	20c
Irish Potatoes, peck	45c	Asparagus, 25c can	15c
Onions, 3 pounds	10c	Libby's Milk, 11-oz	
Brookfield Butter, per		can, 2 for	25c
pound	45c	Winner or Magnolia	
Oleomargarine, pound	25c	Brand Milk, 3 cans	50c
Swift's Oleomargarine,		Libby's Tripe, can	25c
per pound	30c	Corned or Roast Beef,	
Lard, per pound	17 1/2c	per can	25c
Swift's Premium Ham,		Hamburger Steak, can	10c
per pound	27 1/2c	Corned Beef Hash, can	10c
Majestic Ham,		Veal Loaf, can	25c
per pound	27 1/2c	Potted Meats, 6 cans	25c
Picnic Ham, pound	23c	Sweet Pickle, 50c	
Maxwell House Coffee,		jar	30c
2 cans	65c	Shaker Brand Pickles,	
Maxwell House Coffee,		25c jar	15c
3-lb can	95c	Libby's Relish, 2 jars	25c
Charmer Coffee, 1-lb		Pride Jelly, 3 jars	25c
can	25c	Wilson's Pure Jams,	
Palmetto Coffee, 1-lb		25c jars	20c
pkg	20c	Calumet Baking Pow-	
Cup Quality Coffee,		der, 25c can	20c
4-lb can	\$1.00	Libby's Salmon, can	20c
Cocoa, 25c can	20c	Argo Salmon, can	25c
White Beans, 2 pounds	35c	Van Camp's Deviled	
Red Kidney Beans,		Tuna 3 cans	25c
2 pounds	35c	Tuna Fish, 3 cans	25c
Pink Beans, 2 pounds	25c	Velva Syrup, can	10c
Tomatoes, No. 2 can,		Uwanta Syrup, 1/2 gal	45c
2 for	25c	Uwanta Syrup, gal	85c
Peas, No. 2 can	10c	Macaroni or Spaghetti,	
Serv-U's Peas, 2 cans	25c	12 pkgs	50c
Sifted Peas, 2 cans	35c	Crackers, per pkg	5c
Peas, No. 1 can, 4 cans	25c	Goldband Soap, cake	5c
Grated Pineapple,		Clean-Easy Soap, cake	5c
No. 2 can	10c	Toilet Paper, large	
Libby's Sliced Pine-		rolls, 6 for	25c
apple, can	20c	Galvanized Wash	
White Cherries, No.		Boards	25c
3 can	30c		

EXTRA SPECIAL!

14 pounds of Sugar for \$1.00
with purchases of \$4.00 or more assorted Groceries,
or 7 pounds of Sugar for 50 cents.

NOTABLE DECISION ON
CHILD LABOR LAW

Washington, Aug. 31.—The decree of Federal Judge Boyd, of Greensboro, N. C., in enjoining United States Attorney Hammer from en-

forcing the child labor law affects only the western district of North Carolina. The court held the law unconstitutional. The law becomes effective tomorrow. Except where the courts interfere the law will be enforced.

Don't Trifle with Blood Disorders,
But Get Rid of Them Quickly

Cleanse the System of All Impurities
Watch your blood supply closely,
be ever on the alert lest some im-

impurity creep in which will make inroads upon your general health.
For upon the condition of your blood depends largely whether or not you are to enjoy that robust and splendid vitality to which you are entitled.

Some of the most painful and serious ailments are diseases of the blood, which could be avoided by alert and prompt attention. Rheumatism comes from a tiny germ which gets its foothold when the blood supply is impure and run down.

Cataracts is another disease which science has shown is more easily contracted when the blood is in an

impooverished and disordered state. There are numerous other diseases which are due solely to an impure condition of the blood.

Can you not see, therefore, the importance of taking a blood purifier, so as to avoid these diseases? Just give the system a thorough cleansing with S. S. S., that sterling blood remedy, and you will be in position to enjoy the blessings of good health.

S. S. S. has been on the market for more than fifty years and is sold by druggists everywhere. Demand S. S. S. and don't take a substitute. Free medical advice will be gladly given about your own case if you will write to our medical director, Address Swift Specific Co., 28-A, Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

NOTHING IN FRONT, ALL
IE BACK.

Looks as if Sammy is carrying nothing but his rifle and cartridges, as he stands facing you. But turn him around, as below, and the same Sammy is carrying all his equipment in a compact case that has taken the place of the awkward blanket roll. It's neater and easier to carry.

MEXICO RENEWS HER
APPLICATION FOR LOAN

Mexico City, Aug. 31.—Negotiations for an American loan to Mexico will be renewed. It is announced Alfredo Catuageli, the Mexican financial agent, will leave tomorrow for the United States in this connection.

COMPLETE COAL CONTROL
POLICY BE ANNOUNCED

Washington, Aug. 31.—The government's complete coal control policy may be announced next week, Harry Garfield, the fuel administrator, said.

NAVY HAS SUFFICIENCY
OF OFFICERS AND MEN

Washington, Aug. 31.—Secretary Daniels indicated that a shortage of officers no longer threatens to be a handicap in expansion of the navy. He was encouraged by reports of the progress of conditions by the war time commission.

REPUBLICANS WANT WAR
EXPENDITURE COMMITTEE.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 31.—Republican leaders in the house announced that they will renew the fight for the creation of a congress-

sional war expenditures committee. The announcement followed the voting of a favorable report by the ways and means committee on the eleven billion, five hundred million dollars war bond certificate bill in virtually the form as written by Secretary McAdoo.

To Drive Out Malaria and Build Up
The System.

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. 60c.

QUIET DAY AT ARMY
RECRUITING OFFICE

No enlistments were received at the army recruiting station yesterday and the average for the past week has been low. While the aviation section has been closed, very desirable branches are yet open, and in the quartermaster's corps of the new national army for which men are now being received, rapid promotion is promised. Enlistments are received at the

army station here for the local military company, the men being sent to state headquarters and then join the company of their choice. Negro attendants for the medical corps in the new army are also wanted.

BLUE AND THE GRAY
TO HONOR NEW ARMY.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 31.—Washington's two hundred Confederate veterans will march with the Grand Army of the Republic, wearing their gray uniforms, with the Union flag at the head, in the parade Tuesday in honor of the capital's first quota for the National Army.

And Then She Liked It

By Annette Augert



PEN it quick, Meta. "Who has more style than we two put together?" chimed in Marian. "And certainly one may choose what one may give for birthday presents. But where—" Miss Meta sat down with the fluffy thing across her knees. "Does Minna think I can wear this?" For Meta Lane, when her mother had died, a year before, had given up a brilliant educational career to come and keep house for her father and sister. Marian was a librarian, and Dr. Lane was preacher in a desolate region of the city, where his little parsonage home built next to the church, was a real social settlement with just three workers.

"Read Minna's letter, Meta. Maybe she will tell you where she expects you to wear it," said Marian. "Dismiss all idea," wrote Minna. "That I shall give you those ridiculous things you ask for. Go buy yourself a percale skirt, with a Russian blouse and cap to match, if you want them. Nine-ninety-eight at Blitzer's. When I send you anything, it shall be pretty. It is absurd for a girl not yet thirty to pull her hair into a wad, and wear flat shoes and utility clothes, while there are so many beautiful things in the world. It was bad enough when you were chasing a freak degree. It was worse when you'd got it and freakishness appeared to be your calling. It is worst of all now when my

father has to live with you, and you should strive to set an example of beauty in that cheerless spot. Wear this thing. Wear it out in the back yard if you have no other place, but wear it. Loads of love." Both girls laughed, but Meta's face reddened a little as she rose and began to fasten her dress. "That is what I shall do," she said severely—"wear it in the back yard. Now you can observe the effect. I can write Minna I am already wearing it. And my duty is done." There were pretty slippers and creamy silk hose. Sternly Miss Meta put on the whole outfit, murmuring "silly" now and then. Under protest Marian pulled the soft brown hair loose; she hooked and pulled and patted, and stood back. "You are lovely, Meta Lane," she almost gasped. "Beautiful! Minna knows what you ought to wear. And that outfit," she added thoughtfully, "is simple looking, too."

"Silly looking," said Miss Meta without a glance at the slim, straight figure in the mirror. She tramped out into the back yard, the small black slipper toes gleaming below the floating filmy skirt ruffles. She found the forget-me-nots going to seed and she snipped and clipped at them. The lilacs of the valley were growing very thick in the far corner, and she got a trowel and was investi-

gating the state of the bulbs when she heard a joyous gurgle behind her and turned to see Rosa Kantrowitz bobbing her curly black head over the top of the high board fence. She had climbed a ladder carelessly left by her father when he fixed the chicken coop. "Oh, baby," said Miss Meta, "get down, dear, baby might fall. Mrs. Kantrowitz!" she called. But great hissing was going on in Mrs. Kantrowitz's kitchen and no reply came. With some difficulty she dragged a box over and climbed up to face Rosa. "Rosa take flowers to mamma," she said coaxingly. Holding the chubby elbows to steady her, she filled the baby hands with forget-me-nots. Then, leaning far over the fence from her box, she guided the child to the ground. Much relieved, she stood smiling on her box and watched the fat legs toddle to the kitchen door and climb the tree steps.

Mrs. Kantrowitz, economizing, was lighting her gas stove with a paper lit at another burner. A torn scrap burned her hand, and she threw it into the furnace, just as Rosa reached the door and smiled up from her forget-me-nots. Her little cotton dress flamed up. Miss Meta leaped to the ground and snatched at something on a line. "This is a perfectly good rug, she said inately, "a good rug. It ought to put it out. Surely it will. If only I could run faster. I didn't go in for athletics. If only I could fly." Then her orderly mind came on duty again, and she recalled that the lime water and sweet oil and bandages went down the hill yesterday when the Schliepke baby fell in the hot sun. And the new supplies ordered had not yet come. "Marian!" she called as she ran, but Marian was trying an anthem just come for the choir and heard nothing. Regretting for the first and last time that there was no communicating gate, it seemed an hour to Meta Lane before she could get around those two houses and reach the other backyard. It was possibly sixty seconds.

Excitable Mrs. Kantrowitz lay in a fainting huddle in the doorway, while tortured little Rosa, still clutching her flowers, screamed beside her. Miss Meta threw the rug about the child, and with her hands beat out the sparks scorching her thick curls. Her own light sleeve flamed and she crushed her arm down fiercely against the rug. Then she ran as she had before. It was three blocks to the great new hospital on the hill. Rosa's screams ceased from exhaustion, adding anxiety and fear that she had died. God! How heavy she was! If only she had on her broad shoes! These silly things! Why did her breath behave so? The approach to the hospital was a winding climb; it looked endless to tired Meta Lane. A machine stood at the main door and a man just entering it paused, looked, then threw his hat and coat into the tonneau and raced down the hill. "Burns!" Dr. Garvin said briefly, as took her burden. "Don't hurry," and he sped away. But she was close behind him when he reached the place to lay the chubby little body down, and she choked to see the pitifully burned dimpled hands still clutching the forget-me-nots. She helped as they allowed her. Dr. Garvin was the head surgeon, but this case he attended to himself. Perhaps those forget-me-nots had choked him a little, too. "Silly," suddenly Miss Meta murmured to herself, and slipped into the next room. She failed to reach a chair and fainted quietly on the floor. And there Dr. Garvin found her when, swathed in cotton from head to foot, Rosa was given into other hands. When Miss Meta returned to consciousness she was on a couch with a gentle breeze blowing over her. Something smelly was near her and some person appeared to be bandaging her right arm. As the bandage wound down from her elbow to her wrist, this person stooped and softly kissed the palm of her hand. This kiss had a most thrilling effect. Miss Meta watched absorbedly. Why—it was Dr. Garvin! Tears welled from her eyes. "Silly!" she murmured fiercely. He turned his head and looked deep into her eyes. "I never knew you till today," he said earnestly. "And just at first I didn't know you today. Think of that!" "No wonder," said Miss Meta, with returning energy. "In these silly clothes."